



And pats her tousled head;
While, softly cooing out the words,
He hears her cooing tones
"Now tell me all 'bout Mary Lamb,
'Fore I do leave me by my lone."
I bless her quaint child dialect,
And bless the light brown head,
And smoothe the little curls that
Straight on the little head,
Then "Mary had a little lamb"
Is told the hundred times
With all the tender, winning charm
That haunts the simple rhyme.
And when that's through, the tiny dot
Says: "Tell me 'bout the 'Moon.'"
So "Here diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle,"
Followed ends so soon
"Sing 'Ladybug,' she sleepily sighs,
While her doll slips down on her arm,
And I sing of the butterfly made to go home,
Lest her little ones come to harm.
My baby's lashes fan her pink cheek,
The Dreamland breeze has blown;
But she drowsily murmurs: "Mary Lamb" gain,
For I leave me by my lone."
In ancient Greece and splendid Rome
Far greater poets wrought,
But the gentle Boston lady
Set the night out at naught
When from her mother's arms and warm
She smothered that simple story
Of Mary and her little lamb
That won her unsought glory.

—HELEN C. BERGEN-CURTIS.

"We're building three a day." That was the telegram Bishop McCabe sent to Robert Ingersoll when the latter delivered a lecture in which he said the church was tottering to its fall.

Then know that we have won.
—CHARLES T. MILLER.
Washington, D. C., December, 1906.

she was the goal of courtesy to all whom she met, but her eyes had a dreamy

least to a victory that seems big enough for all of us!"